

Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi^{®9}

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**SAVE WCW?
AH, HELL, LET'S
JUST "SCREW"
IT TO DEATH!
(Or...Why we here,
near Campbell-by-the-
Sea, 1-o-v-e screw-
job endings!)**

SNS--SUSHI NEWS SERVICE

Sushi News Service has learned that an independent professional wrestler, table wrecker, and former camel jockey named Sabu has received yet another bill from John "The Convention Promoter" Arezzi, who recently fined Sabu several hundred dollars for busting tables while wrestling during Arezzi's latest convention.

Reportedly, Arezzi is now charging Sabu 75¢ for each of the foil-wrapped butter cream chocolate candies the hotel staff placed on Sabu's pillow each night during the convention, foil-wrapped candy that Sabu was supposed to turn over to Arezzi.

"It was in his contract," said Arezzi. "Sabu agreed to give me his butter creams. I never got them. Sabu ate them. Sabu broke my god damn convention tables and he ate my f---ing butter creams. I'll bury his ass from here to Sunday if I don't get six bits for each butter cream he ate!" [SNS will keep an eye on this developing story.]

DAVID 'SCISSORSHAND'

CAMPBELL-BY-THE-SEA, CA -- Wrestling newsletter editor Dave Meltzer's trial for assault and battery with a deadly weapon (which he used to pummel and disfigure a skinny 9½ year old Halloween trick-or-treater last month) has been held over until sometime next year.

According to Meltzer's attorney, Meltzer will use the plea of "temporary insanity" (triggered by his obsession with steroids) to explain why he in-SID-ious-ly and VICIOUS-ly attacked a costumed 4th grader from Lucretia Mott Elementary School when the youngster, who was dressed as the famous WWF promoter Vince McMahon, knocked on Meltzer's door on Halloween night.

According to witnesses, Meltzer repeatedly struck Jubie Jay Mullins of Sushiland, California, 20 times with a small pair of scissors, stabbing the youth in many places, including his back, on his neck, in the face, along his forehead, and deep inside both of his nostrils.

[Ed. note: While pro wrestlers are taught mainly to go for the eyes during street fights with fans, editors of wrestling newsletters are taught to go for sinus cavities--via the nose--when confronted by disgruntled or smart aleck readers.]

Some subscribers of Meltzer's newsletter claim the editor has appeared stressed-out lately over screw-jobs in the WCW promotion and that he also seems to be experiencing "roid rages" ever since he began covering the federal probe of Titan Sports for the possible illegal use of growth enhancing drugs.

As many readers of this sheet already know, Jubie Jay Mullins, who lives near Campbell-by-the-Sea, is the nephew of the editor of this wrestling bulletin, Son of Pro

Screw-jobs, anyone?
Aside from the possible, yet unproved negative effect on repeat business, what's wrong with ending almost all the matches during a major pay-per-view card with screw-job finishes? Especially creatively booked screw-job finishes that use hand-held tasers?!

One of the reasons I fell in love with pro wrestling was the fake way in which a fake sport seemed to end most of its fake matches with fake conclusions that defied all belief.

I mean, graps is still a fake bunch of bull shit, right? So, why, pray tell, are sheet editors and columnists like Meltzer, Keller, and Madden demanding that pro wrestling matches, especially WCW's pro wrestling matches, end more "realistically?"

Somehow, me thinks, there's a paradoxical, oxymoronic, conundrum of in-breeding in that line of thinking. I mean, these guys do spend a lot of time on the phone jaw-boning and faxing each other. Maybe during the heat of always trying to come up with something

they can all agree on in print (usually during the same publishing week!) their brain cells are exfoliating and are being transported and shared through the phone lines, and what we're up against, Sushigangsters, is a major, freaking, Silicon Valley-styled, computer-aged Mind Meld! (Like, three guys joined at the CHIPS, man!)

For me, ending a match, any match, even a major blow-off match, with a clean, realistic pinfall was (and still is) a major letdown. Unlike Meltzer and Keller and every one of the Torch's METAnalizers (who criticized the booking of Halloween Havoc), I thoroughly enjoyed each and every god damned mother-fucking son of a bitching screw-job finish on the card! (Just in case you thought I was kidding.)

Years ago, when I went regularly to the Cow Palace in San Francisco, I went not only to see Ray Stevens kick butt, I also went to see what old, new, clever, or mind-bogglingly unrealistic finishes promoter-booker Roy Shires would cook-up to end big matches, make everyone mad at Stevens, and motivate fans to return in four weeks for, you guessed it, another wild evening of main events featuring wonderful screw-job finishes in matches which Stevens' face opponents almost never won.

Back then, a clean finish for Stevens (one that ended without the use of a foreign object, ref bump, DQ, or stopping for blood) was what I would call an "unsatisfying ending."

Wrestling Sushi, which often runs incredibly revealing insider news stories about Meltzer that, for some reason, never seem to appear in Meltzer's own sheet.

Later that night, following the incident, Meltzer told investigators, "I had just received my October issue of Georgiann Makropoulos' warm, fun, and wonderfully interesting Wrestling Chatterbox which contained a surprising news flash about an alarming incident that took place when WCW wrestlers were on tour in England.

"Ironically, when the doorbell rang, I was using a small, blunt, harmless pair of scissors to clip out the information about the brutal fight that took place between two of the WCW wrestlers.

"When I answered the door, I was still holding the scissors in my hand, and I inadvertantly tripped and accidentally stabbed the masked little vitamin-chewing fellow a few times. It was unintentional."

This was going to be Meltzer's original defense, until his lawyer, Willie B. Cheatem from Mempho, Tennessee, convinced Meltzer that, whereas a confession of delivering 19 "accidental" scissors-inflicted stab wounds to the lad's head, chest, and nasal passages might fool the jury, Meltzer's describing as "accidental" the 20th stab wound (which effectively circumcised Jubie Jay!) was not going to fool anyone.

When asked why he assaulted the tyke, Meltzer, who takes pro wrestling seriously, said he thought Jubie Jay's Halloween gimmick (holding up a large glass urn painted with the words "Steroids Test") and his trick-or-treat speech (demanding that Meltzer "Pee in the bottle!" instead of putting candy in his sack) was inappropriate and not very funny.

The young stabbing victim, who is recovering in the intensive care unit at the Hulk Hogan Hospital for Victims of Newsletter Editor Vendettas, says, were it not for his trick-or-treat bag filled with Halloween candy, he never would have been able to get off a few, good, defensive shots against Meltzer before he personally lost a quart of blood and fell into a black hole of unconsciousness.

"Yeah," the pencil-necked little Mullins boy said, as he smiled weakly and, with all the scissors-induced facial scars, was looking a lot like the Jack Skellington character who stars in Tim Burton's NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

"I nailed Meltzer with a couple of SNICKERS bar to his ribs, a NESTLE'S CRUNCH to his Adam's Apple, a pair of TWIX to his eyes, a package of SKITTLES to his groin area, and, when he was doubled over, well, let's just say nobody's gonna invite Meltzer to do laps in their swimming pool anytime soon, since he's gonna be crapping BABY RUTH bars 'til Christmas. Wooooooo!"

[Ed. note: Whereas pro wrestlers are told to go for the eyes, and newsletter editors are told to go for the sinus cavities, pro wrestling newsletter readers, when attacked by pro wrestling newsletter editors, are instructed to for the bowels, using any foreign object at hand!]

Meltzer, a full time weight-lifter who stands on ringside chairs (after pro wrestling cards have ended) and does a subtle-little pose-down routine, has admitted that while he regularly has "rages over roids" in his Wrestling

Screw-jobs? Although I loved them, I'd never even heard the term until I started reading wrestling newsletters like the Torch.

For me, Halloween "Screw-Job City" Havoc, served up great gobs of the kinds of dirty-trick finishes and bogus endings I love best. Infact, for two reasons, I hope all the matches during WCW's BATTLE BOWL on 11/20 end without a single clean pin-fall: one, because I'll be in Seventh Heaven, and two, because I love it when all the Torch

METAnalyzers go berserk and sing their songs of gloom and doom, especially Mark Madden who busts his guts with belly-aching, groaning, and, like he says, vomiting over Dusty's finishes.

(Mark, send me video of this puke move, okay. It will receive a hallowed place on our shelves of grap tapes here in Sushiland.)

Any two-bit booker could have penciled in a card filled with clean pin-falls for Halloween Havoc. Clean finishes require neither brains nor creativity. But two, count 'em, two ref bumps within ten seconds during a Texas Death Match?! An old, tubby Masked Assassin digging something out of his pants and loading up his ancient hood?! A bell ending one match between two Brits nine-tenths of a split second before the three-count?! The boot of a Nasty Boy used as a head-rattling club when the ref's back was turned to end another bout?! Knuckles, knuckles, who's

Observer Newsletter, he does not have "roid rages" because he himself does not use growth enhancing drugs (even though, to some, Meltzer looks like a younger version of "Polish Power" Ivan Putski from the neck down.)

When asked why he just simply didn't humor the 9½ year old resident of Sushiland, and fill the kid's urn (instead of going ballistic like a well-known wrestler from WCW), Meltzer's neck muscles bulged, his eyes grew big, his face became red and flushed with sweat, and through clenched teeth he proclaimed, "When you RULE the WORLD, you don't have to PEE for ANYBODY!!!"

FLOOSHEETS

H-e-double-l-o, everyone! I'm still J-e-double-f M-u-double-l-i-n-s, and this is the 9th issue of Son of Soosh, the little sheet that's "sharp"er than the toothpick Razor Ramon plays, and "flat"ter than the toons J-e-double-f J-a-double-r-e-double-t sings. And like the man, Ric Flair, says, "W-double-o double-o!" Yeah, I know. But I just had to do it. All those double constanents and vowels!

Wadda you do when you get a bad cold? You know, when your head is filled with more snot than a match featuring Buddy Landel? When chills are racing through your vital organs like midgets running around the ring? When your back and neck are stiff and sore and you feel like Cactus Jack after he's been in a match against a tag-team composed of Big Van Vader's fists and The Cement Floor?

Tylinol? Chicken soup? Lots of sleep?

Sissy stuff, man.

Me?

I've got a remedy that works almost all the time, sort of like Terry Funk.

I call it my "Pro Wrestling Newsletter Prescription," and, let me tell you, for the blues, heartache, depression, fatigue, lack of sex-life, bad week at work, the common cold or the Fuji Flu, it does the job better than Louie Spicolli during a WWF taping.

As I write this, it is now Saturday. About 10:30 a.m. and I have been awake, sneezing, peeing, wheezing, moaning, groaning, hocking up big yellow looch balls the size of Jimmy Del Rey's head, and generally bitching at the walls since 5:30 a.m. But I'm turning the corner, man, like WCW should have done a long time ago. And I'm feeling well enough to drag my tired ass to this word processor and share with you some of the things I've been reading and a few of the thoughts I've been having since Mother Nature (A.K.A. Luna Vachon) woke me up ill so damn early this morning, instead of letting me sleep in.

What I do, when I'm sick in bed and my place feels like it is freezing, is I get up and stumble around the various rooms collecting all the wrestling sheets I can get my hands on, sheets which I haven't read yet or which I've only partially read. I turn up the thermostat, pull on pairs of heavy sweat socks, warm-up sweats, and several layers of long-sleeved sweatshirts, pour myself a large plastic cup of orange juice, swallow 800 milligrams of pure, curl the hair on your balls Ibuprophen, and climb back into bed with the arm-load of rassling newsletters.

Actually, my first remedy of choice would be to climb back into bed stark naked with Missy Hyatt as my pillow, Sherri Martel as my mattress, Medusa and Tammy Fytch as my bed sheets, and Luna as undercover nurse "Hot Body" who would doctor me back to good health. ("Take two of THESE,

got Rick Rude's brass knuckles to finish yet another contest?! And, heart be still, state-of-the-art electrical gimmickery to zap the legs out from under a battered and bloodied Cactus Jack to lower the curtain on the main event?!

Now, that's pro wrestling the way I like it, the way I was raised on it, the way pro graps, in my opinion, is meant to be: unrealistic, beyond belief, a trick-or-treat bag filled with screwy-endings.

Whether you love it, or whether you hate it, and whether or not it is a hold-over from a long-gone era that some feel will spell ultimate disaster for WCW, we'd all better learn to like it, because as long as most top wrestlers are forced to stick around a promotion for years instead of months, due to the paucity of viable regional promotions (from which to draw fresh, big-name, crowd-pleasing talent and send wrestlers when they cool off or when their strings have run out), and as long as Dusty Rhodes wields the pencil at WCW, the "spirally employed denouement" (A.K.A. the screw-job finish) is here to stay.

Get rid of the screw-job? Use the screw-job more sparingly? Hell, no. Use it as often as it can be worked in. But, also, let's be a bit more creative when employing the screw-job. Just as wrestlers themselves have pushed themselves to the limit in coming up with new and amazing death-defying moves and bumps, bookers should adopt the same

dammit! Nooooo! SUCK on them, don't chew on them, you IDIOT! Arggggh! Hey, that's no thermometer!") Is this a guy thing, fantasizing about being surrounded by nude, sexy, Hot Love Babes from Hell (copyright J. Zinger, Canada) when you wake up with a fever or the chills? Probably I saw it in some war novel by Hemingway, Jones, or Mitchner.

Anyway.

So, there I am. Alone, in bed, surrounded by clones of Meltzer.

Yeah, gimme a load of grap sheets: a bit of Cohen in Fantasy Fed, some Madden 'n' Mitchell, and Keller's interviews in the Torch, a spot of D. Prazak, Yates, Lano, Creamer, and Ratliff in Outside Interference, Rose, Berkley, Terry, Lederberg, Bowdren and Lemieux in Chairshots, MacAuthor & Skolnick in Wrestling Perspective, Rodgers in Ring Around the Northwest, the gang from Georgianne Markopolis' groovie Chatterbox, what's soon to be left of the Atlanta Boys in The Shenanumake Post, Ginsburg and Goldman in Wrestling Then & Now, Goldberg in Mat Marketplace, the last seven pages of the Observer, a copy of the How to Plug Your Friends manual, and I'll whip the ass off any head cold that tries to keep me in a small package.

Of course, if Luna wants to come over and get wierd, the newsletters will have to wait, unless of course Luna wants kinky and she doesn't mind getting a few staples and some ink from the Japan results stuck on her ass. Wooooo.

As usual, the red digit on your envelope reflects the number of \$A\$E's you've got left. Price & how & where to get this sheet, which comes out whenever the staff around here can do it, is at the top of page one (\$2 in U.S. negotiables if you live over-seas.) Letters to the editor, when used, may need to be edited.

BAD LITTLE ARAB

When asked if he is angry with convention promoter John Arezzi who charged him for breaking tables and eating the foil-wrapped hotel butter cream candies which he promised Arezzi, Sabu "The Table-Wrecking" independent professional wrestler, grinning from ear to ear and (kissing the feet of this SNS reporter) said he was not p.o.'d at Arezzi, that he was sorry he did not live up to the terms of his contract, and that he would pay Arezzi for the butter creams.

"Me been a baaaad little Arab boy, you betchum," said Sabu. "I brake tables, I pay. I eat Mister Areeeeezi's booter creeeeems, I pay. Hey, I break a leetle wind, I pay for that, too."

The former camel dung salesman made the previous comments as he was opening another letter from Arezzi, a letter which contained yet another bill, a bill listing charges for Sabu's "reckless convention over-use" of hotel stationary, toilet paper, Kleenex tissues, and tiny soap bars.

"Hey," Sabu shrugged, as he reached for his check book. I'm just the lowly son of a famous Arab wrestler who spells his name like a popular condom. I ain't the son of famous promoter whose name is full of double letters. I don't pay, I don't play. You (wink) get Sabu's drift?"

'RATING SYSTEM' FOR SCREW-JOBS!

One of the things that crossed my grappling-hooked mind during the 11/10 CLASH from St. Pete, was that a "rating system" is needed for Screw-Job Endings. Since Dave and

work ethic when it comes to putting the screws to hot matches.

Who knows, one of many ways to save a dying grap company might very well be to...SCREW it to death!

While watching MONDAY NIGHT RAW's set-up before the Ludvig Borgia vs Scott Steiner match on 11/8, I found myself marveling how the "Hell-Raiser" from Finland was actually speaking our language better than the "Clothesliner" from the USofA. Guess they didn't teach English at Michigan State, hey, brudda!?

Any other budget conscious grap fans out there who wondered which would be cheaper: a one minute phone call to the 900-RAW-line to vote for Quebecer Pierre vs Marty, 1-2-3, Doink, or Double-L? Or a one minute "thumbs-up-or-down" telephone vote following a PPV to Campbell-by-the-Sea? HMMMMMM. McMahon ain't so dumb. At least he's getting a slice of the 99¢ a minute tab. But I would like to think the results after calling the 408-THUMB-line are a bit more legit.

What is McMahon's fixation with large, goofy, down-right bizarre black wrestlers: Kamala? Papa Shango? Koko the Geek? And now (top contenders for Most Embarrassing Wrestlers of the Year) Men on a Mission? Doesn't it make you long,...no, crave,...no, yearn,...no, a-c-h-e for the days of...The Junk Yard Dog?! Remember when bitching about JYD was hot and sassy stuff in the sheets, before the era of steroid investigations,

Wade & Company have made such a big deal about them, and since WCW can't exist without screw-jobs, I feel it only makes sense to honor this fine wrestling art form with a rating system of its own whenever screw-jobs take place.

Because my word processing machine does not come with little "screws" in its font bank, we'll have to settle for the usual star (*) rating system, which, when you look at the example back there, sort of looks all nicked and chewed up, like what one of Missy's nipples must look like, by now, after all those years of her keeping company with the crowd she hangs 'em out with. What a rush, eh, Hawkster?!

I don't know about you, but does it make sense not to have your most over, most over-worked manager, Col. Parker, missing from the fan phone poll options for WCW's Manager of the Year? And what about those "Five Titles on the line tonight!" During a free show? With the first match being conceivably for the most important-sounding title: The Whole Wide World--But Not Really The NWA Belt? Talk about burying a glorious past.

Does it make you feel sort of squeamish when Michael Buffer (who seems to have replaced the Most Dangerous Announcer in Wrestling, Gary Capetta) pretends he is not interested in looking at Rick Rude's ass when Rude is taking off his robe, like when Rude took it off for all those Fat, Out of Shape, Florida Flunkies? During previous cards whenever Rude begins disrobing, I always see Buffer in the background sneaking a quick peek at Rude's ass, and then he turns his head or averts his eyes, pretending he really wasn't looking. Way I see it, Buffer, either you steel yourself against looking at all, or next time, when you're out there and the "urge" strikes, why don't you just give Rude's ass one, big, long, intensive look and get it out of your system. You'll feel better. I'll feel better. Hell, we'll all feel better. Jeez!

I like the way Road Warrior Hock-Phooey worked his match with Rude, with lots of vim, lots of aggression, lots of intensity, and lots of blank looks in his eyes, sort of like he was some place else, doing something else, like giving birth to a turd. Really animated, Hawk. Whereas the match was two stars, mainly due to Rude's work ethic and the super crowd heat from the entire staff of Barry Rose's CHAIRSHOTS, which filled most of the building that night, I gave the Double Count Out ending a SCREW-JOB FINISH RATING of ($\frac{1}{2}$ *). Not a good screw-job, but at least WCW did not yield to the temptation of having the Shockmaster disrupt the match via the trendy Ridick Bowe-Evander Holyfield "Parachute Landing" disqualification screw-job ending. Anyway, starting off the night with a screw-job finish guarantees some good, heavy bitching from Meltzer, Keller, and Madden, no doubt.

Each time, like during the Equalizer-Shockmaster bout, I hear Jesse Ventura getting excited about Fred Ottman weighing more than 400 pounds, I wonder (when a guy eats as much as the old Tug Boat must consume) if, when he's taking a major dump, does he have to flush once, or even twice, to make room in the bowl between launchings? I mean, we are not talking about a demure physical act of nature here, folks, not when you weigh anchors at more than 400 pounds!... During the ad that followed that screw-jobless DUD, I also wondered if Arn Anderson realizes how lucky he was that, when Sidney and he started playing carve the

letters by fax, and a weekly Torch published by the "kid" who ain't a kid anymore?

Talk about selling?

And "realistic" fake violence vs fake violence? In all the years I've watched graps on the boob, I've never seen a more brutal nor a more realistic "punch" than the one thrown by that G.I. Joe action character starring in the spots they run on RAW. The shot the G.I. Joe guy gives the other plastic freak from Toyland Hell makes me cringe every time I see it, and it really is three times as violent as anything Macho Man and Crush tossed at each other during their (****) "Brawl to Continue It All" after Macho got bear-hugged (from behind) by the Vinster who, by the way, took a pretty good bump (for a guy whose balls reportedly have "target" written all over them by Meltzer and the F.B.I.).

This guy, McMahon, is going to wind-up in prison for reportedly running a company that pushed human growth hormone-enhanced monsters and supposedly looked the other way when staff cavorted with ring boys? Yeah, sure. (And Ross "The NAFTA-Shafter" Perot is the 4th Doink!) I'm not saying McMahon is innocent (or guilty.) I am saying, though, that I'm having a hard time picturing the husband of Titan's president singing "Jail House Rock" in the Annual Cobb County Federal Slammer's talent show.

Who are these mysterious "knights" in King Lawler's court? That question, plus Rock 'n' Roll vs the Smoky

pumpkin with each other's heads while in England, that Sidney wasn't using the dreaded...Dremel Moto Tool!!! ("Did we mention that our tool can cut through nails?")

Best Ring Entrance of the Year, hands down, is Lord Steven Regal's. He does it without music of note, just a slow, cocky, 1950's-styled strut down the ramp, employing eye contact with fans and a sneer (that makes you want to rip his lips off his sour mug), the cape, the pompous arm behind his back, little old ladies screaming for him to f--- himself. Match with Johnny B. Badd stunk, and when Sir William Dundee put Regal's leg on the bottom rope to stop the count, distract Badd, and allow Regal to pin him, it was only a slightly better SCREW-JOB RATING of (*).

From opening bell to it's (**) SCREW-JOB ENDING, when Col. Parker tripped Pillman coming off the top rope, the Pillman-Austin barn-burner should be considered a **** Match of the Year candidate. I've watched it three times now and it was the most flawlessly executed, well-paced, riveting match I've seen in years, with the only flaw being when the ref got in the way near the end of the match but the workers worked around it and it was hardly noticeable as they were still able to pull off a decent screw-job ending. While I'm not ready to eat my words (elsewhere in this ish) about Austin, there is a certain magic between him and Flyin' Brian and I hope health and booking give them a long-running fued. That the pair, as teased by Tony and The Body during their match, could wind-up as partners at BATTLE BOWEL, could make that PPV interesting.

What was not interesting (though the St. Pete crowd seemed to be into the match itself) was the action between Paul Orndorff and Dustin Rhodes for the U.S. strap. Now, I know that the Son of Loins is good, and that the Man With the Chicken Wing Right Arm is good, too, but they were just filling air-time between the REAL WRESTLING part of the show, the entrance and exit of Dusty Rhodes vs The Masked Butt-Butt, uh, the Masked Ass-ass-in (so big, he's gotta spell it twice!) As far as I am concerned, even though Son of Loins pinned Chicken Wing Arm "clean in the middle", which would disqualify the match as having a screw-job ending, it was still a terrific screw-job match worthy of a (****) SCREW-JOB RATING just to see the Big Fat Grinning Slab of Texas Flab in action again. ["I didn't know they made warm-up jackets that big!" -- Steven Meyers, San Rafael, CA, on The Assassin's wardrobe.]

Well, Okerland looked and sounded great. But look at what he had to sell: BATTLE BOWEL III. Tough sell, Gene. . . With Missy Hyatt and her twin globes of ICOPRO 'n' honey flavored storage tanks distracting me (and the ref) which ultimately led to a passable SCREW-JOB ENDING of (*), I really could not get into the Nasties vs Sting & Bulldog tag-title match, even though it was superbly booked with tons of heat from the Floridians. . . But I did love it when the kid in the new SEGA commercial is laughing at his buddy who has been turned into a dog and then he himself gets turned into a red fire-hydrant that yells "SEGA!" Dunno about you, but "SEGA!" will be around long after "Whoot (or "Whoops") there it is!" fades from memory.

So far, five out of six screw-job endings tonight (with six out of seven on the way!), should dispel any thoughts that the Great White Dream (full of American Whipped Cream

Mt. Bodies with Jimmy Cornette, and Stu Hart in the Hart Family's corner (HAHAHAHAHA! Awww, shit, I love pro wrestling. Sigh...) are the three reasons I'm buying "the" Thanksgiving Eve Tradition.

Bowl? BattleBowl? WCW's Toilet Bowl? Is it a "tradition" yet? A chance to see and count the scars on Sid and Arn? Gimme a break. I mean, the big guy is reportedly a freaking roid monster! He's like a loaded gun! And on the bus in England, and then again in the pub back at the hotel, "The Enforcer" goes out of his way to push the button of The Man Who Rules The World, setting him off, nudging his allegedly pharmaceutically-altered brain over the edge?! Sorry, sports entertainment funfolks, but the Bald Horseman is just plumb lucky that, instead of a small, blunt pair of scissors, El Sid wasn't packing a set of Ginzu knives? (Didn't Arn's daddy ever teach Arn the facts o' life? About letting sleeping dogs lie? About reeling it in before zipping it up? About sticking your hand in fire? About playing Russian Roulette with a six-gun with all the chambers loaded?)

Did you laugh when McMahon said to Heenan, when Rick Martel was in the ring (after Heenan had commented about Martel's physique), that "It's not how you look in the ring, it's what you do in the ring" that counts. I laughed. My windows were opened and I also think I heard loud, prolonged, coughing, gaging, and barfing

and screw-job finishes) has lost his touch.

Best Camera Angle of the Year came in the final match when Vader dropped the ref with a clothesline that Flair ducked. The shot was a perfect text book how-to for camera persons and wrestlers and also offered definitive proof that pro wrestling is a work. Revealing as it was, the camera angle was great and the shot was something different for the eye vs the same old side view of that same old move and bump. Another thing exposed was the actual lightness of Vader's punches which allegedly put Cactus Jack out of action during their big feud months ago. Whereas Jack, with his long hair and motivation really sold Vader's punches, the same "bombs" alongside Flair's skull looked pulled, unsold, and soft as velvet. Wonderful SCREW-JOB ENDING worth (****) as it actually had me thinking that Flair had won the belt in a *** match on free TV, until Vader was DQ'd thus keeping the belt as a reward for slugging the ref. Man, but is there any wrestler on earth who gets a wilder more gleefully insane look on his face than Ric Flair after a wild match? The only thing missing was blood, but then I guess Arn and Sid gave enough of that for everyone while in England.

Mostly good matches, the long over-due return of Dusty Rhodes, and lots of unreasonable, unbelievable, unrealistic (but ohhh, so enjoyable) SCREW-JOB FINISHES. Sushi says, "Thumbs up" for the entire card, and a satisfying "Third Finger up" for all the warped endings!

SABU 'GOOD' ARAB?

When asked why he takes so much crap from the wrestling promoter, radio show host, convention-holding whiz-kid who could make him a star simply by mentioning his name on the 900-line, Sabu the impoverished, table-breaking, professional wrestler with blown-out knees explained his position.

"Meester Areeezi and I goood friends. Whatever Meester John say, I do. No sweat. Meester John says, 'Sabu, kiss my ass.' Sabu pucker up and leeft Meester Areeezi's coat tails. Meester John says, 'Sabu, get off my case.' Sabu do death-defying spinning-moonsault-tope ala de Oro onto cement floor. Meester John say, 'Sabu, go f--- yourself.' Sabu drop to floor and perform impossible act.

"Sabu good boy. Sabu no cause trouble for anyone. Sabu no Sid Vicious. Sabu not want to rule world. Sabu just want job. Sabu want wrestling job. Sabu just want to be wrestling jobber. Everyone likes Sabu, yes? You like Sabu? I kill myself for you, okay? You just say word and Sabu do it. Sabu pays dues. Sabu do anything for beeg break, beeg push. Sabu even pay for own funeral. Sabu get check book now?"

Yes, fans. Believe it or not. When you are the son of a legendary current promoter, whose name is Jerry Jarrett, you get the beeg poosh handed to you on a platter. But when you are only the son of a legendary former wrestler, whose name is The Sheik, you've got to work for it, even if it means bussing tables in ways that'll kill you and your pocketbook.

[Of course, lately, aside from John Arezzi's mentorship and an infamous pop, Sabu's got a few other nice things besides talent going for him: like matches with Terry Funk, a good knee doctor, and a guy who publishes the Pro Wrestling Torch. Not bad company for a crazy young Arab.]

sounds coming from Campbell-by-the-Sea in the west, and Minneapolis in the east.

Did jobber John Paul, who wrestled Martel during the 11/8 show, remind any of you of a younger Lord Stephen Regal?

When RAW cut to the evening's second and then third installment of the Savage-Crush "Brawl Against the Wall" followed by the part where they fought "Out onto the Mall," did you find yourself thinking, do I really want Vince McMahon (the guy who's giving me all this great free TV) to go to jail? Hey, Vinnie, why not cop a plea, and let 'em give you 2,000 hours of community service? You don't even have to do the job yourself. Let some of your workers do it for you: like that great Undertaker spot admonishing people who drink and drive.

I mean, what's worse? A guy getting six years or less for not successfully killing a truck driver with a brick during the L.A. riots? (Maybe Reginald Denny should have been convicted for trying to evade the flight of a brick!) Or McMahon's pushing what Dave Meltzer has regularly referred to as chemically bloated monsters? (Maybe the marks, and the rest of us, who have supported the WWF with our PPV bucks all these years, should be the ones the feds should be investigating.)

I don't care what anyone says. Todd Pettingill is good. His countdown promo for SURVIVORS is great. His dead-panning, facial

A HISTORY LESSON FOR DOUBLE-J

Dear Carley Gill, of Foster Freeze, Alaska,

Hi, my name is Jubie Jay Mullins. I'm 9½ years old. But don't let that fool you, since I am wise beyond my years, mainly because, when I'm not in my classroom at Lucretia Mott Elementary School, from which I'm expelled often (b'cause my principal Mz. Fartzapon says I am encouragable and sends me home), I read sheets and watch lots of tapes of my favorite professional wrestling programs which, altogether, I believe, teach me more about the world in which I live than all the uncracked 4th grade textbooks piled a mile high inside my locker at school.

Well, some of the textbooks in my school locker are cracked, a little bit, like the cover on the math book I used when I hit one of my classmates, an Honor Roll student named Jimmy Sakamoto, age 10, over the head.

You see, Jimmy Sakamoto is a spy for Japan, you know. His country sent his cousin over here to whip the U.S. Heavyweight rassling champ and take the belt home to Japan! On one of the tapes I watched, I saw his cousin (he's called Yokozuna) throw salt into another wrestler's eyes, blinding him, and then pinning him for the victory. Yokozuna, who weighs more than 500-pounds, then climbed to the middle rope and did a butt drop onto the other wrestler's chest, crushing his ribs, and then (to the shock and horror of everyone), he draped an American Flag over the other guy's lifeless body and, in doing so, symbolically buried all middle class-blue collar workers in our country!

So, during flag salute yesterday morning in class, when I looked over my shoulder and saw a plastic bag full of salt sitting on Jimmy Sakamoto's desk, right after we were done putting our right hands over our hearts and saying, "...and liberty and justice for all," I picked up my math book and laid it across that little Jap's forehead before he could reach into his bag and throw salt in my eyes!!! Did I get a medal? Was I recognized for my good deed? Is "Boxing Helena" a movie about a girl boxer?

Of course, Jimmy Sakamoto had an excuse for having the salt at school. The little green-card-carrying emigrant said the salt was for the hard-boiled egg he was going to eat for lunch. A likely story. Just like the story he tells that his mother and father were born here in America when his grandparents were contestants in one of those camps in California where the U.S. government sent the Japanese who were living on the West Coast during WWII to play the Concentration game. Yeah, sure. (And John Wayne and all those other Marines were merely hoisting a McDonald's Flag over another new restaurant in that movie about Iwo Jima.)

Anyway, that's why I got sent home yesterday, for Pearl Harboring a sneaky little cousin of Mr. Fuji! Can you believe it? I thought you'd like to know.

Jubie Jay "God Bless The Lex Express!" Mullins

'HIGH RISK' MOVES (GRAP DRUG OF THE 90'S) MORE DANGEROUS THAN STEROIDS!

No doubt, in the long run, there will be rest homes, hospital wards, and graveyards filled with wrestlers whose bodies have been ravaged by chemical growth enhancers. In the near term, however, many more bodies will begin to pile up as more and more wrestlers are crippled or killed in pursuit of the ultimate tope. So, who should go to jail for promoting this manslaughter? The pusher of the illegally buffed? Or the pusher of lethal bumps?

In typical Sushi-fashion, the following story has come to our attention.

expressions, voice inflections, imitations, and his hair have already made me forget that Okerlund once worked for the WWF. On the other hand, it's also great seeing Mean Gene on the WCW shows. If there is something dirty to comment about in almost any situation, Okerlund will find it, and in the WCW, it will be like shooting ducks on a pond.

Isn't it amazing how real life mirrors pro graps? Or is it the other way around? That pro graps is real, and what goes on outside the arena is actually someone's idea of a spoof on pro wrestling?!

Hmmmm. Come to think of it, this is exactly the way my twin brother Riki-Jack and nephew Jubie Jay view things. What is scary, though, is...what if they are right? And that the WWF's Jack Tunney is the real deal and U.S. President Bill Clinton is...just a work?!

That MONDAY NIGHT RAW and people like Razor Ramon, Mr. Fuji, Bastian Booger, and The Undertaker are a shoot, and characters like you and me, and The Pope, are figments of some scriptwriter's vivid imagination. That Men on a Mission are what Blacks are really all about and that the business between Bret Hart and Jerry Lawler is truly a power struggle between two reigning monarchs and that the destiny of the entire world hinges on the answer to former WWF Mean Gene Okerlund's question: "Who, really, is King of the Ring?"

And that civil war in

-When it comes to pushing their 'drug' of choice...

MELTZER & McMAHON: TWO PEAS IN A POD?

CAMPBELL, CA -- Sushi News Service has learned that wrestling newsletter editor Dave Meltzer, who can't seem to wait until Vince McMahon is indicted, arrested, tried, convicted, incarcerated, and then given his first prison shower with other inmates (for hiring wrestlers who may have yielded to the temptations of steroids abuse, thereby risking health and possible death for a career push) has himself been linked to the recent tragedy involving masked Mexican daredevil-wrestler Oro.

According to sources, the Wrestling Observer Newsletter editor is currently under investigation, not only for the critical injury and subsequent ring death of Oro, but also for his role in contributing to the serious injuries and senseless deaths of other international wrestlers who (almost as if they are on addictive drugs) risk their bodies and lives by performing outrageously inhuman and otherwise spectacularly insane moves, bumps, and stunts (many of which defy the laws of nature and human physics) in order to receive high rating points in the "results" and "match report" sections of Meltzer's weekly bulletin.

"Unless you consistently get match ratings of **** (or better), your name is rarely if ever pushed in glowing terms in Meltzer's sheet, unless, of course, your performance is what he considers a DUD, and then your name is generally buried in the most humiliating and uncomplimentary terms," says one wrestler, whose "big" finishing move, the head-butt, was "over" in the 70's, but now is roundly disregarded in the Observer.

"Except for that TV situation comedy wrestler Lyle Alzado, I know of no other wrestler in the world who has officially died yet from steroids abuse, unless you count Superstar Billy Graham, who's still with us, sort of," says another wrestler.

"But recent history is rife with the names of workers who have broken their necks, shattered their spines, severed their brain-stems and lost their lives on cement floors and against metal ring barriers located in arenas all over the world after doing the kind of illogical moonsaults, dangerous toposes, and murderous versions of DDT's which (instead of condemning like he does steroids) Meltzer, in his newsletter, praises, rewards, and pushes as hard as Vince McMahon ever pushed muscle-bound wrestlers who may have used illegal supplements.

"I have personally seen Meltzer at ringside jump out of his seat during matches, pump his fist into the air, and shout bravos after a frantic high spot is concluded when one of the wrestlers risks his life by trying to cheat the laws of gravity.

"What's worse? The promoter or WWF fans who exhalt abnormal, seemingly illegal beefcake? Or the people and editors who cheer on those who try to carry out their death wishes?

"Man, if anyone needs to be put under the federal microscope for encouraging wrestlers to put their lives in jeopardy, it is the guy who glorifies suicidal wrestling acts in his news bulletin, thereby creating a panic among wrestlers, a contagion that drives grapplers to pratically and, in some instances, realistically kill themselves in order to get positive recognition from the industry's number one journalist and, some would say, major contributor to career pushes.

"You know how Meltzer goes on and on in his sheet about how phony McMahon is for trying to make the public think the WWF is 'roid free by having this big, wonderful, drug-testing program when, in fact, McMahon still pushes monsters like ever before?

"Meltzer does the same thing in his sheet, when he 'mentions' the fact that wrestlers are attempting to do things in the ring that could cause life-threatening injuries, and then he goes on and describes every

Bosnia-Herzegovina, starvation and anarchy in Somalia, terrorist bombings by the IRA, strife and summits in the Holy Land, floods in the Mid-West, and zillion dollar NAFTA battles on the floor of Congress are simply angles worked up and reported by mass media propagandists whose job it is to come up with fantasy and soap opera "distractions" like the spread of AIDS, homelessness, unemployment, and the Japanese Economic Threat as a way for us to escape the harsh realities of a "real" life filled with senseless run-ins by wild fish-head-eating Samoans, fat Asian guys who throw salt in our eyes, gargoyle-faced managers of big "dead" dudes whose only purpose in life is to crush your skull with a copper urn containing the ashes of Andre the Giant, and a woman like Luna Vachon. (Down deep, you just know she doesn't iron and could never be sexually satisfied, always wanting you to give her, "Growl! Grrrrr! Arghhh! More! MORE!! MORE!!!")

Phew! Sorry, folks. Don't know what came over me. But still... What if pro wrestling really is REAL! And Dave Meltzer is the one who's been working us all these years?!

As the man who dines on danger, snacks on death, (and now gets to eat Missy Hyatt for dessert) might say:

"Welllll, I hope you enjoyed this issue!"

Next time out we'll put the Sushi spin on the "Night It Rained Beer & Bodies" at the 2nd Lucha Libre show in San Jose.

detail of these life-threatening moves, reveals their exciting names, and rewards the matches they are done in with a bunch of career-enhancing stars!

"Hey, no matter how you cut it, 'roids or topes, they are both bullshit that will screw up your body and cut short your life! Only thing is, one of them is illegal and, probably, the other one should be.

"Personally, in this arena, 'roids vs topes, whether it's a legal or moral issue, I see little difference between McMahon and Meltzer.

"Whether it's putting over a guy who reportedly shoots dangerous chemicals into his butt, or one who actually shoots his butt dangerously off into space, what's the difference? A 'big' dead butt is just as dead as a 'flying' dead butt? No difference. Nada. Both can kill you and both are being pushed. One by McMahon, the other by Meltzer.

"I'll never understand how Meltzer can sleep at night, after pointing his finger at McMahon each week for pushing muscularly bloated individuals, while Meltzer himself regularly puts out yards of 'pushy' copy which promotes the feats of wrestlers like Atsushi Onita, Cactus Jack, Jushin Liger, and young Lucha Libre star (probably the next Mexican to die in the ring) Rey Misterio Jr. who, because of the risks they take--in the short term--make them even more vulnerable to self-destruction than those who use steroids and HGH, even though the day of reckoning for these abusers is further down the road."

The international group of wrestlers whose members are conducting the Meltzer investigation (and are also calling for U.S. federal marshals to "extradite" Meltzer to Mexico to stand trial for panegyricizing high-risk moves, like the ones which arguably led to the death of Oro), is called W.A.C.K.O.D.E., which stands for Wrestlers Against Crazy & Kinky Out-of-body Death Experiences (especially the kind induced by newsletter editors who've never taken spleen-busting bumps themselves, but who get rich by encouraging and pushing--"weeth thee tiny leetle raaying stars"--those who do.)

[Sushi Footnote: In Mexico, persons responsible for contributing to the deaths of wrestlers are themselves imprisoned and regularly made to play "Spin the Wheel, Make a Deal" where, if they lose, they must perform unnatural high-risk moves while taking their daily showers with other inmates. In the USA, convicted pushers of chemically enhanced monsters don't get to spin the wheel, they just go straight to the showers.]

Xmas Sushi: T'was de nite befo' Xmas an all thru de house, all de crechurz wuz stir'n (Rustle! Eeek! Crunch!) 'cept fo' Jubie Jay's little pet mouse. ("Unca Jeff! Unca Jack! I accidently stepped on Mighty Meltzer...and he's selling it...really b-i-g!") Hey, Sushigangsters! The 4th Annual Xmas Sushi will contain a "special section" devoted to, and simply called, MELTZER. Let's face it. Over the years, this sheet has potatoed the editor of the Observer pretty good. Does Dave deserve it? (Thumbs up? Thumbs down?) Or is Dave an angel from Pro Wrestling Heaven who's here on an earthly mission for God, to spread the gospel of the high-spot and return the evil McMahon to the Hell from whence he came, and curses be to ye who speaketh ill or poke-eth fun at Saint Dave? What do you think? Do you harbor a long standing grudge against Dynamite Dave, one you'd like to air here, inside Squared-Circle Sushi? Or have you been wanting to thank Dave in some "special" way for what his work means to you? Or do you just want to roast his nuts because you're an ungrateful smart-ass? Welllll?! Whether it's serious, funny, sincere, or sarcastic, send us your brief thoughts about Dave and/or his sheet (or whatever else is on your grap-gnarled mind) and we'll run 'em, sort of as a rassl'n flavored "Seasons Greetings" at the Campbell Kid. As a bonus, we'll finally (and truthfully) answer the year's most asked question: "The Heat Between Mullins & Meltzer: Is It a Shoot? Or is It a Work? [Your deadline is 12/10.] Go to it, Sushifolks! -- Jeff Mullins